

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1918

## How Americans Helped Take Mountain Held by Germans Told by a U. S. Observer

**Mount — Was Occupied by the Germans in Strength—The Allied Artillery Shelled the Positions—American Troops Stormed Them—The Writer Was With the First American Observers Who Ascended to the Summit After the Victory—What They Found Is Here Graphically Told**

NOT long ago Mount — fell. Two weeks before I viewed it through a giant telescope. It was known that Germans were occupying it in strength, for it was indeed a point of vantage overlooking a vast expanse of country. Its hillside and summit surveyed a battlefield upon which thousands of British died in one of the most stubborn and glorious battles of the war. It was pitted with shell holes and clusters of German observation posts, with concrete walls a yard thick. Leafless trees along its summit stood out against the flash of cannon. Its sides were barren of vegetation, reminding one of the copper country out West, where the devastating fumes of smelters had robbed the country for miles of its plant life.

Morning after morning, before the mountain finally fell, we were greeted with a rumor that it had fallen. It got to be the standing joke. On the day I watched it for two hours steadily I saw no human being there. Toward the end of my vigil I heard a big British gun pound away and then I saw human forms but not life. The big shell had hit a Boche O. P. and the bodies went hurtling into the air. It was the biggest explosion I had yet witnessed.

The second day after its fall I followed some of our observers up the mountain and I came upon the scene of the explosion I had witnessed. I stepped over dozens of Boche corpses. Here and there were bodies of French and British soldiers which had remained unburied. The Boche dared not bury his dead by day for fear of the blast of his own guns; at night he would not venture out, for the harrowed wife defenses left by the French and British had not been mastered by the Boche. When he sneaked onto the mountain after the Allies lost it he had neither time nor courage to study the defenses. For months the Boche had lived like gophers. The stench was too much for even a Boche.

The Boche is hardly to be blamed for the caution he used in concealing himself. In every dugout we visited there were tons of hand and rifle grenades, gas shells and other munitions piled up alongside the sleeping places. After seeing this vast supply of ammunition I was not surprised at the tremendous explosion I had seen. Our guns had struck one of these hidden arsenals. We found hand grenades for half a mile around the demolished hole, where they had been contributed by the force of the big blow-up.

The American observers whom I followed up were the first troops to reach the summit. On our return a British Captain, who was coming up with some mappers to look for booty traps (as ghastly German tricks to catch unwary soldiers are called), wouldn't believe we had been there. He was inclined to give us the devil, for it was thought that the Boche surely left Mt. — only after first sowing its sides with mines and booty traps. We have not heard yet of any explosion, and the belief is general that the Boche was not only a gopher, but a rabbit, and left the mountain with much more speed than he came upon it.

Our boys had no idea what a vantage point it was until we looked from its summit onto miles and miles of territory occupied by the Germans. We sat in an old concrete O. P. and looked across the valley for two hours and got that broad view of the situation which is so important to the higher commands. We saw trains moving far to the rear of the enemy's lines and long lines of Boche lorries. It was difficult at first to mark out the front line—that long narrow strip of devastated country which is no man's land. When the sun had gone down, the lines of demarcation were clear. For miles to the south towns and ammunition dumps were burning. These towns were in no man's land and the dumps were just back of Fritz's first line. Every once in a while competing barrages would fall on it. All this proved of great value later, for it indicated that the Boche was planning a gigantic withdrawal. That is actually what happened. He pulled back his tired fighters all the way along the line and our men were the first to report it.

Of course we were not unmolested. A Boche would frequently lift his head out of the trenches below us on the side still held by him. A few light shells fell in front of our post with good accuracy. I cannot understand why Jerry did not make a direct hit, for the O. P. we were in was built by him and occupied by him two days before, and if any one knew its exact location it was the set of German observers who had bequeathed it to us.

This division will never forget Mount —. It was on its northern slopes our troops fought gallantly and gained the distinction of being the first Americans to fight on the soil of Belgium. We never forget that the Prussian heel first trampled that ground on which some of our boys died. There is not a more hallowed bit of ground on the whole field of war. Only a few of our boys died there. They are buried in a small plot just within the enclosure of a British aerodrome for bombing machines. The flyers will tell you how they are avenging the loss of our men.

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The theatre has never been taught but kind to me, and I can truthfully say that I often wanted to be part of it again. When the war began my husband, who is Lieut. Commander Orson D. Munn, U. S. N., became so very busy it naturally left me with plenty of time on my hands and also with a keen desire to do something myself. My first thought was of the theatre, and when I explained to some friends of mine that I thought I would like to return to the stage, the number of offers which came my way were indeed most flattering. I was finally decided that I should like best of all to play the part I have in "The Three," and when it was definitely settled that I was to have it and I was actually going back, the same feeling of elation came over me as I felt back in the days when my playmates came trooping up the attic stairs just to see me act.



MARGARET LAWRENCE  
PHOTO BY CAROLLOE PARSONS

# The Evening World Daily Magazine

## "Different" Dresses for Winter Wear

Velvet, Popular This Season, Is Here Shown in Two Models of Unique Design Together With a Striking Serge and Angora Wool Frock



## The Army Button

By CANDIDATE ARTHUR ("BUGS") BAER  
(13th Training Battery, F.A.C.O.T.S., Camp Zachary Taylor Ky.)

ACHILLES was a good, game bird and probably kicked more opponents for a goal than any army mule. He buzzed along busting 'em right on the nose like Ty Cobb until some alien enemy nipped him on the heel. We aren't sure as to whether Achilles' heel was weak from too much dismounted drill in the observation area, or whether rattling around in overalls, normin out, staggered tread army boots caused his heelpiece to break out into a flock of O. D. bilaters.

Anyway, Achille's heel turned out to be the weak sister, and when his opponent stood pat on three arrows and two spears, Achille was a gone gosling. He was through like a canceled postage stamp. He croaked with an arrow sticking out of his heel, which is good for three demerits at any battalion inspection unless the Major is near-sighted. But he never is.

Achille's tendon was his weak spot, but he had the edge on the bunch of us candidates who are trying to park our shoulders under a set of gold bars.

His weak tendon was his shoe, while ours are in our hats. We also possess a few other ligaments that aren't armor plated by quite a few dishfuls. The feeblest muscles in your whose arms career are the sinews which prevent your O. D. blouse from escaping from your army buttons.

An army button is a weird and wonderful institution. It hasn't got any legs or visible means of motive power, but it sure covers a lot of ground between where it is and where it is supposed to be.

You think a button is on your shirt just where a button is supposed to be, but the first thing you know, your salmon card says it ain't. The old sword of Damocles, that dangled over his royal knob held by a single hair, was well supported compared to the average O. D. army button. The little olive drab bone medallion is generally hanging by a split hair. You see it on in the evening and next inspection that doddering lil' dize pops off as if it were made of T. N. T. instead of bone. Then the Major steps along the line, pipes the place where your button would be if your button were there, and bang!—goes that pink card. You reach down to the turf and capture the button, and the blamed thing winks at you. It's a fact.

You may not think that a button has an expression. But it has. It has an expression like a quail with the ruffs. You can read the dash blotting thing on with more rivets than there are in a river. And the next morning you go to button up your vest and you discover that old George Button has absconded. Three demerits. That button has gummed your parade, but there it snuggles with an expression on its face like a cat in a creamery. It's enjoying life and wants the world and suburbs to know it. That darned button lays three demerits regularly every day like a hen lays an egg. It may be a circus for the button and the Major, but it's a helofer of a way to treat a bird who is trying to make the world safe for democracy and button manufacturers.

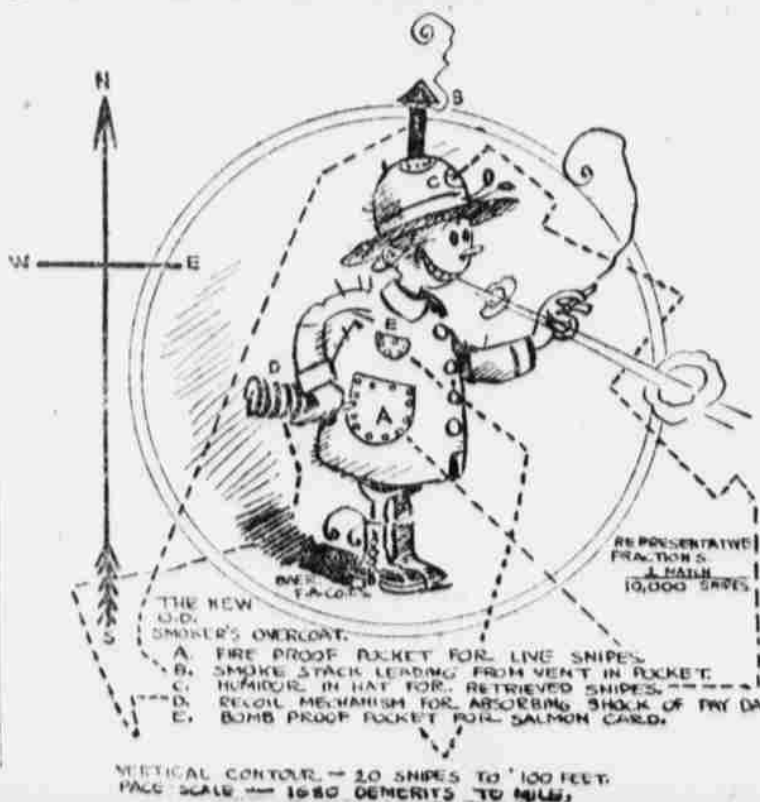
The ectraged part of the whole cantata is that you can't sew one of the infernal things on so that it will stay put.

If a button were a vegetarian it would be all right, but it eats O. D. thread like a mule nibbles hay. The thread disappears like the shine off instalment jewelry. The more thread you feed that lil' bone rascal the hungrier it looks. You can groom and pet that button, and when the First Major or Second Loot steps by, that button kicks you loose from your canned salmon-colored car. That's gratitude.

Wiring them on does no good, because a button can untie any knot ever tied. You've got about as much chance as a hick matching coins against an affable stranger with a two-headed dime.

The only thing to do is to take out your army insurance, sew the lil' demons on and pull your coat up around your ears. For you're stepping out into a blizzard of demerits and it looks as if it is going to be a hard winter.

## The New O. D. Smoker's Overcoat



TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1918

## Mrs. Rodger, First Woman County Clerk of Queens, A County Clerk's Daughter

**She Has Been Politically Active in Her County, Having Organized 37,000 Women Workers Who Carried the County for Suffrage by 11,000 Majority—Yet She Finds Ample Time for Home Duties and Care of Her Three Children.**

In a quiet, unobtrusive home at No. 614 Freedom Avenue, Richmond Hill, lives a lady who hourly awaits the whistle of the postman. He is expected to deliver a letter from Gov. Whitman giving her the proper credentials to draw more than \$1,300 from the State of New York between now and the first of the year.

Clara A. Rodger is the woman. The County Clerkship of Queens is now without a regularly authorized clerk. Alexander Dulat, a former Democratic leader and County Clerk of Queens, was last week convicted of bigamy and his term of office had two months to run before it expired.

Mrs. Rodger's appointment celebrates the second Republican appointment to the office of County Clerk in Queens in fifty years. It is the first time in the history of Queens that a woman has been appointed to high official position in that county. The County Clerkship carries with it a salary of \$8,000 a year.

Mrs. Rodger's appointment, coming as it does on the eve of the fight for re-election of a Republican Governor, is naturally causing many citizens to ask "Is she qualified?" Others, perhaps a trifle biased, will dismiss the appointment by declaring the Governor "was taking care of his friends."

But Mrs. Rodger is not only qualified to administer the duties of the office; she has proved it. Mrs. Rodger was educated in the public schools of Jamestown, N. Y. Realizing the confines of Jamestown would not permit of her mental expansion, she journeyed to Granville, Ohio, where she later was graduated from Shepardson College. They required the services of a trained woman as instructress at the New York Juvenile Asylum in Chauncey, N. Y., and sent for her.

At this time David R. Rodger found time to spare from his medical practice and wooed and won her heart. They celebrated their wedding by moving to Connecticut. The movers had barely left when some of the leading members of the Woodbury Woman's Club waited on her and requested she assume the presidency of the club. She held this office for several years, later becoming a member of the Executive Committee of the Connecticut State Federation of Woman's Clubs.

Sixteen years ago Mrs. Rodger and her doctor husband decided to abandon the Nutmeg State and move to New York. They settled in the Richmond Hill section. Continuing her public life, Mrs. Rodger at once became active in woman's affairs and was made President of the Twentieth Century Club of Richmond Hill. For the last three years she has held the office of President of the Woman Suffrage Party in Queens.

At the time Mrs. Rodger gathered up the administrative reins of the Suffrage Party that party was torn by internal dissensions. There was no organization. She took up the work and solidified it until last year, when the campaign for suffrage was on, she had an organization of 37,000 women working for the cause. That year the cause of suffrage was carried in Queens County by 11,000 majority.

Party leaders marvelled at the vote. It was declared by many politicians who were familiar with the vote in other parts of the State that Queens had the best and the most effective organization in New York State. The State registration for men of draft age again proved the true merit of Mrs. Rodger's organization. Under her able



CLARA A. RODGER.

## Months Once Passed Before Country Could Learn Result of Elections

THIS is Election Day, and unless the vote is very close, the choice of the people will be known at breakfast time to-morrow. Our first Presidential election was held early in January, 1889, but it was not until almost autumn that news reached the remotest parts of the country that Washington had been chosen as the nation's first Chief Executive. Nothing shows more clearly than this comparison the great scientific achievements of the past century. Incidentally, the long delay in learning the result robbed old-time elections of their present day excitement.

A month after the first election the electors met and cast their ballots. Congress then had to canvass the votes, and it was not until March 20 that that body convened, although the President was supposed to have been inaugurated on March 4. On April 6 the formality of counting the votes was completed, and George Washington became the first President of the United States.

There were no wires, of course, to flash the news to Gen. Washington, then at Mount Vernon, and eight days elapsed before he was informed of his victory. The messenger who carried the news to Mount Vernon was an Irishman, Charles Thompson, Secretary of the Continental Congress. Thompson made haste slowly, stopping in every city, town and village to tell the news. When finally he reached Mount Vernon he was given a great reception, although the Father of His Country probably refrained from any praise of the messenger's speed. Autumn had arrived before the people of the remotest parts of the country knew of Washington's election.

There was not much advance in the handling of election news until the Harrison-Tyler campaign in 1888, when railroads, steamboats and stage coaches carried the report of his victory to Gen. Harrison, then in Indiana, within a week after the election. Then came the gradual development of the telegraph. Abraham Lincoln knew he had been chosen Chief Magistrate of the United States the morning after Election Day. The great press associations—which are invaluable in the handling and dissemination of news—are of more recent growth, and their facilities have now been brought to what would seem to be a state of perfection for the handling of such news as election results.